

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XV

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1908.

NO. 1.

1908 PROMISES GREAT PROSPERITY FOR SOUTH CITY

The dull season of the latter part of 1907 has passed and gone forever.

The year 1908 opens with a bright promise for the future all over the United States, and especially in California and South City in particular.

The holiday season just passed was a good one for local merchants. The amount of packages sent from here by both postoffice and express as holiday gifts was double of that of the year before.

Many new people located in South City during 1907, and on account of the favorable publicity that it is now getting hundreds more will settle here during 1908.

New businesses have been established here within the past few months; and plans are now being perfected toward establishing more.

An active improvement club has

been organized in South City, which will benefit this locality. Already it has brought about a better light service, and arrangements have been made to have business streets kept clean and to improve the lower end of Grand Avenue, between San Bruno Avenue and the Southern Pacific depot.

Many people who now own lots here and live elsewhere intend to build and make their homes in South City. Some of them will still continue to follow their occupations in San Francisco.

On Peck's lots alone, plans have been made to build between forty and fifty homes this Spring.

Taken all in all, the people of South City have reason to feel grateful for the way it passed through the stringency season, and also for the bright and prosperous outlook that is before it.

Hurrah, for South City!

LOCAL HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK TOLD IN BRIEF

Four new houses start the first week of the new year on Peck's lots.

Miss Hazel Dean is laid up with la-grippe.

Only a few more hair cuts and shaves, then wedding bells will again be ringing.

1440 feet of cement walk 5 feet wide to be laid on Randolph street, Peck's lots.

W. C. Schneider wishes to thank the people for their liberal patronage the past year and wishes them all a Happy New Year.

Lost—A maltese cross emblem; compass and square one side, "G. A. R." other. Finder leave at Postoffice and receive reward.

The pastor's subject at St. Pauls Church, Sunday January 5th, 11 a. m., "The Transfiguration of Christ." 7:30 p. m., "Interest and Discourt."

Don't forget the entertainment and ball to be given on Saturday evening, January, 18th, for the benefit of the South City Improvement Club.

With the noise of whistles, bells and all kinds of guns at midnight Tuesday, the new year was ushered in in great shape in South City.

For Sale.—Rooming house, complete; choice location; on line of street cars; a money maker. McSweeney & Walsh, 224 Grand Avenue.

Mrs. George Kiesling having held and presented number 2762 was the winner of the beautiful Kestner doll which was given away at Schneider's Store.

Frank Pidcock, employed in the Examiner pressrooms, was a visitor to South City on Tuesday. Mr. Pidcock is a property owner in South City and contemplates making his home here soon.

South City experienced the novelty of a severe hailstorm on Monday. The hail stones were as large as peas and for a few moments covered this locality with a of mantel white. No serious damage resulted.

The South City Improvement Club will hold its regular meeting next Monday evening at 8 o'clock at Judge McSweeney's Court room. The new constitution and by-laws will be discussed and finally adopted.

For Sale Cheap.—A small lot of good household furniture. Apply E. G. Evens. P. O. Box 27.

Commencing last Thursday evening, the retail stores of South City closed their doors at 8 o'clock. The rule will be in effect in future, and all residents of South City are urged to help the movement, as it means shorter hours for the proprietors and their clerks.

A. E. Graham, optician will be at the South City Pharmacy on Sunday morning, January 5th, and will be prepared to attend to the wants of those who are having difficulty with their eyes. Examination and advice free. A full stock of optical goods carried.

The St. Michael's Church of South City will have a Christmas tree for the benefit of the pupils of the Sunday School tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock. A fitting program will be rendered and a pleasant time is looked forward to.

For Sale.—Two second hand coal oil stoves at a bargain. Inquire at this office.

A ray of sunshine entered the comfortable home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Murray, 444 Baden Avenue, during the Christmas holidays in the form of a bouncing baby girl, 10 pounds. Mother and babe are doing well.

Mr. Carl Hilpusch, civil engineer, with a full crew of surveyors, has started the survey of Peck's lots, second addition to South City. These lots will be ready March 1, 1908.

For Sale—Choice South City business lot; a snap. See us at once. McSweeney & Walsh, 224 Grand Ave.

The three numbers which were drawn by Miss Rena Veit for the beautiful \$10 Kesner doll, which was given away at Schneider's Store New Year's Day, were as follows, First 2762; second 2569; third 1538.

McSweeney & Walsh, Real Estate and Insurance Agents for South City and San Bruno lots. Easy payments.

Complaint has been made by the W. P. Fuller factory employees that the street car service to and from the factory is very unsatisfactory. It is stated that one evening last week during a rain storm the cars did not go to the factory, thereby compelling the Fuller employees to walk up to the packing house, where the car stopped.

For Sale.—Milk Route; 192 customers; 56 cows and necessary appertences. For particulars inquire of McSweeney & Walsh, 224 Grand Ave. Lease.

The pastor of St. Pauls Church kept open house at the parsonage New Years day. Those assisting in the reception of guests were, Mrs. Evens, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Larsen, Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Tracie, Miss Daggett, Miss M. Kauffmann and Mrs. Kizer.

A box social will be given by the Epworth League at the pastor's residence on Friday evening, January 10th at 8 p. m. All ladies are requested to bring lunch for two (in plain box) with name inside. Developments later. All invited.

The services at St. Pauls Church on Sunday last was of more than ordinary interest. The Rev. H. B. Heacock D. D. of Pacific Grove preached both morning and evening. Forceful, logical, eloquent, the speaker held the apt attention of his hearers. Should the Dr. favor the church with another visit, a larger congregation will undoubtedly be in evidence.

Mr. A. Wiener, who for some years has been located in South City as manager of the smelter, leaves for the East next Monday. His stay there is expected to be an extended one, looking after interests with which he is identified. He will also visit his mother and sisters. Mr. Wiener made many friends during his stay in South City, who very much regret his departure.

FRATERNAL ORDERS

South City Aerie, No. 1473, will confer the mysteries of the order on several candidates Wednesday evening next, January 8th. The holidays have prevented the officers from holding regular sessions and it is their desire to make the first meeting of the new year a record breaker in point of attendance. The installation of officers will take place Wednesday evening, January 15.

I. O. R. M.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 411, will install its officers for the ensuing term, Thursday evening January 9th. A large attendance is requested.

U. A. O. D.

The dance given by White Eagle Circle No. 56, in Metropolitan Hall New Year's Eve was a success. A jolly, good natured crowd it was. Some of the ladies took advantage of their rights, soon as leap year started on its way, and to hear some of the gentlemen saying, "But this is so sudden," caused considerable merriment. The committee wish to thank all those who in any way assisted in making the ball a success.

Aikens & Schleicher will give an illustrated song and moving picture entertainment at Metropolitan Hall tomorrow (Sunday) evening. They give a good show and one can spend an enjoyable evening.

FOR SALE—An up-to-date hotel of 28 rooms with liquor license. Hotel recently remodeled. Armour Hotel. E. E. CUNNINGHAM & Co.

CITIES ABOUT BAY TO BE COMBINED IN PHONE SERVICE

With the opening of the new year greater San Francisco becomes a reality in so far as the Pacific telephone and telephone company is concerned. All switches within the 15 mile radius of the city hall will be "local" henceforth. This will extend the local service to Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, the smaller connecting cities on the Alameda side, San Rafael, South City and other cities down the peninsula. Instead of a separate telephone directory for each city, one large book will contain the names and addresses of the subscribers in the bay cities.

Heretofore when a subscriber has desired to ring up an Oakland number it has been necessary first to get "long distance." The long distance operator is to be eliminated under the new system, as far as the service about the bay is concerned. It will be necessary simply to ask for the number desired, whether it be Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda, San Rafael, South City and the "local" operator will make the switch. The cities comprised in "greater San Francisco" will be connected by direct trunk lines. This will enable the company to eliminate the delays which now intervene in the transbay switches. The result will be a quicker service for all points about San Francisco.

With the inauguration of the new system will come a reduction in rates. The company will extend the time permitted for a call from one city to another from one minute to three minute for the same charge of 15 cents.

SOUTH CITY TO HAVE A BOXING CONTEST

On Tuesday evening, January 15th, a series of boxing contests will be given at Wallace's Hall, South City. The evening's entertainment will begin with two four-round preliminaries between Tom Roper of Colma and Bob White of South City, and Tom Courtney of South City and Jimmy (Kid) Raymond of Chicago.

The main event will be a ten-round go between Geo. Sullivan of San Francisco and Albert Hansen (The Terrible Swede) of South City. Both men are in the heavy weight class and it is expected that the fight will be a lively one from start to finish. General admission tickets will be sold for 50 cents each, with reserved seats at \$1.

RAGS.—This office wants to buy some clean rags.

Three "Double Holidays" This Year.

This year Washington's birthday, Memorial Day and the Fourth of July all fall on Saturdays, giving the public three "double holidays." Ordinarily these three do not fall on the same day, but by the intervention of February 29th, Washington's birthday falls just fourteen weeks earlier than Memorial day, which regularly comes five weeks before the Fourth.

You can spend a pleasant evening tomorrow (Sunday) by going to the moving picture show at Metropolitan Hall.

Have you noticed there are all kinds of fresh fruit and vegetables every day at Lind's Market.

For Rent.—House of four rooms and bath. Inquire of J. L. Wood or Postoffice.

Moving pictures show at Metropolitan Hall Sunday and Thursday evenings.

Drayage

—AND—

Expressage

Kauffmann Bros.

Light and Heavy Hauling promptly attended to. Baggage and Freight transferred to and from Railroads, Hotels, Residences, Etc., at reasonable rates.

CONNECTIONS WITH ALL TRAINS

Office: - With Wells, Fargo & Co. Phone. Main 224 Grand Ave.

DIVIDEND NOTICE!

For the half-year ending December 31, 1907, the Bank of South San Francisco has declared a dividend on all Savings Deposits at the rate of 3½ per cent per annum, payable on and after January 2, 1908. Dividends not drawn will be added to and bear the same rate of interest as the principal.

BEGIN THE NEW YEAR RIGHT!

Deposit a portion of your earnings each pay day. We take Deposits in amounts from One Dollar up.

BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO . . . South San Francisco, Cal.

P. N. LILIENTHAL, President.

LEROY HOUGH, Vice-President.

C. F. HAMSHER, Cashier.

SOUTH CITY RAILROAD TIME TABLE. BAY SHORE CUTOFF.

NORTHBOUND TRAINS.

6:23 A. M.
7:23 A. M.
(Except Sunday)
7:43 A. M.
9:23 A. M.
1:03 P. M.
3:03 P. M.
5:23 P. M.
6:23 P. M.
7:03 P. M.

SOUTHBOUND TRAINS.

6:37 A. M.
7:17 A. M.
8:40 A. M.
10:57 A. M.
11:57 A. M.
2:20 P. M.
3:37 P. M.
4:37 P. M.
5:57 P. M.
6:17 P. M.
6:37 P. M.
8:37 P. M.

POST OFFICE.

Post Office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
M. Sundays, 8 A. M. to 9 A. M. Money order office open from 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.
Mails leave Post Office thirty minutes before trains.

* NORTHBOUND DISPATCH.

11:48 A. M.
3:43 P. M.
7:03 P. M.

† SOUTHBOUND DISPATCH.

6:37 A. M.
11:57 A. M.
3:17 P. M.

* Mails from south arrive.

† Mails from north arrive.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

COUNTY OFFICIALS

Judge Superior Court..... G. H. Buck
Treasurer..... P. P. Chamberlain
Tax Collector..... C. L. McCracken
District Attorney..... J. J. Bullock
Assessor..... C. D. Hayward
County Clerk..... Joseph H. Nash
County Recorder..... John F. Johnson
Sheriff..... Robert Chatham
Auditor..... Henry Underhill
Superintendent of Schools..... Roy Cloud
Coroner and Public Adm..... Dr. H. G. Plymire
Surveyor..... James B. Neuman

Officials—First Township

Supervisor..... Julius Elkerenkotter
Justice of the Peace..... A. McSweeney
Constable..... Bob. Carroll
Postmaster..... E. E. Cunningham
School Trustees..... Tom Mason, Duray Smith

Grace Episcopal Church.

Sunday School..... 10 a. m.
Service of Holy Communion every third Sunday of each month at 11:15 a. m.

Grace Guild meets every alternate Friday for an all-day session at Guild Hall.

Junior Guild and sewing school meets every Saturday in Guild Hall at 2:00 p. m.

Mrs. W. J. Martin, President of Guild.

Mrs. Jennie P. Frost, Superintendent of Junior Guild.

St. Pauls Methodist Episcopal Church

(Cor. Grand and Maple Aves., one block from Post Office.)

Regular Sunday services—Sermons at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School classes for all ages at 10:30 a. m. Epworth League of C. E. at 6:30 p. m. Prayer service Wednesday at 8 p. m. The public is made cordially welcome at all our services.

"A home-like church."

EDWIN D. KIZER, Pastor.

For Sale

A lodging house of 21 rooms, all newly furnished. (A five year's lease) for sale. Sickness cause of sale. Inquire of E. E. Cunningham & Co.

\$50 REWARD.

Sheriff Chatham, of this county, offers a reward for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who waylaid and murdered James C. Jones, better known as Deacon Jones, on November 10th last, at Visitation Valley.

FOR SALE CHEAP—New three room cottage.

E. E. Cunningham & Co. tf

Subscribe for The Enterprise \$2 a year

The Opal Serpent

By FERGUS HUME,

Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," "The Mandarin's Fan," Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

I. Paul Becot, son of wealthy parents, leaves his home in the country owing to the tyranny of his father and goes to London to make his way as a writer of stories. He meets Grexon Hay, an old school friend. Paul has a peculiar opal brooch fashioned in the shape of a serpent. Hay appears to be anxious to buy it.

II. Paul falls in love with Sylvia Norman, the daughter of Aaron Norman, a London bookseller and pawnbroker. Paul offers to pawn the opal brooch with Norman, but the latter falls in a faint when he sees the jewel. III and IV. Mrs. Becot, who gave him the opal brooch, writes him that her husband had obtained the brooch at a pawnshop in Stowley, and that subsequently the pawnbroker had tried to get it back, saying that the pledger had called for it. Paul is injured by being run over by an automobile, having stumbled in front of it as the result of Hay's falling against him.

V, VI and VII. Paul has lost the serpent in the automobile accident. An East Indian named Hukar visits Norman's store and leaves on the counter a small pile of broken sugar. Aaron Norman is murdered in the store that night, and his lips are found pinned together with the opal brooch.

VIII and IX. It develops that the opal brooch had been pawned in Stowley twenty years before by a sailor. Aaron Norman's will devises everything to "my daughter." The will is signed "Lemuel Krill," which, it turns out, was Norman's right name.

X. A woman, with her daughter, Maud, appears. She announces that they are the wife and daughter respectively of Lemuel Krill and claim the fortune consisting of a shadow upon Sylvia Norman's legitimacy.

XI, XII and XIII—Paul Becot and Detective Hurd of Scotland Yard set to work to find the murderer of Aaron Norman, alias Krill. Hurd suspects Hay, who is a shady character. Hay invites Paul to dinner at his rooms, and there Paul learns that Hay is to marry Maud Krill.

XIV and XV. Mrs. Krill offers Paul an annuity if he will marry Sylvia and leave England forever. It is learned that Mrs. Krill had for many years been the proprietress of an inn called the Red Pig, at which twenty years before Lady Rachel Sandal, who was wearing the opal brooch, was killed. Maud had made so much noise on that occasion that Lemuel Krill (Aaron Norman) had silenced her by pinning her lips together with the opal brooch. Lemuel had then fled Krill.

XVI. Sylvia explains to Paul her reasons for suspecting that the Indian Hukar had killed her father.

XVII. Hurd learns that the sailor who pawned the opal brooch twenty years before was named Jessop.

XVIII—Hurd goes to the Red Pig.

XIX and XX—Jessop proves that he had nothing to do with either the murder of Lady Rachel Sandal or with that of Aaron Norman (Lemuel Krill). He knows a good deal, however, of the attendant circumstances of both murders.

XXI—Hurd's sister, Miss Qian, has an interview with Grexon Hay in which she proves that he was engaged to Maud Krill a couple of years earlier and that Hay is a systematic swindler.

XXII. A wicked street urchin, says that he stole the brooch from Becot's pocket at the time of the automobile accident and then gave it to Pash, the lawyer for Norman, who killed the latter.

(Continued)

him anywhere, but we're getting at the truth at last."

CHAPTER XXIV.

NEXT day Hurd did not go to see Mrs. Krill as he had intended, but spent his time in hunting for the missing boy. Tray, however, was not to be found. Being a guttersnipe and accustomed to dealing with the police, he was thoroughly well able to look after himself and doubtless had concealed himself in some low den where the officers of the law would not think of searching for him. However, the fact remained that, in spite of the detective's search, he could not be caught, and the authorities were much vexed. To unravel the case completely Tray was a necessary witness, especially as, even when examined at Jubileetown, Hurd shrewdly suspected he had not confessed all the truth. However, what could be done was done, and several plain clothes detectives were set to search for the missing boy.

Pash remained quiet for, at all events, the next four and twenty hours. Whether he saw Mrs. Krill or not during that time Hurd did not know and, truth to say, he cared very little. The lawyer had undoubtedly acted dishonestly, and, if the matter were made public, there would be every chance that he would be struck off the rolls. To prevent this Pash was quite ready to sell Mrs. Krill and any one else connected with the mystery. Also, he wished to keep the business of Miss Norman, supposing the money—as he hinted might be the case through his assistance—came back to her; and this might be used as a means to make him speak out. Hurd was now pretty sure that Mrs. Krill was the guilty person.

"She knew Pash through Hay," argued the detective, while thinking over the case, "and undoubtedly came to see him before Norman's death, so that Pash might suggest ways and means of getting the better of the old man by means of the bigamy business. Mrs. Krill was in the Chancery lane office when the brooch left by Tray was on the table, and Mrs. Krill, anxious to get it, no doubt slipped it into her pocket when Pash was talking

to his clerk in the outer room. Then I expect she decided to punish her husband by fastening his lips together as he had done those of her daughter twenty and more years ago. I can't exactly see why she strangled him," mused Hurd, "as she could have got the money without proceeding to such an extreme measure. But the man's dead, and she killed him sure enough. Now, I'll get a warrant out and arrest her straight away. I may force her to speak now that she is in a corner."

Having made up his mind Hurd went to work at once, and the next day, late in the afternoon, he was driving in a cab to 23A Hunter street, Kensington, with the warrant in his pocket. He also had with him a letter which he had received from Miss Qian and written from Beechill, in Buckinghamshire. Aurora had made good use of her time and had learned a number of facts connected with Mrs. Krill's early life which Hurd thought would prove of interest to the woman. In one way and another the case was becoming plain and clear, and the detective made sure that he would gain the reward. The irony of the thing was that Mrs. Krill, with a view to throwing dust in the eyes of the law, had offered a bribe of £1,000 for the discovery of the assassin.

Hurd had brought a plain clothes policeman with him, and this man remained outside in a hansom while Hurd rang the bell. In a few minutes the door was opened, and the detective sent up his card. Mrs. Krill proved to be at home and consented to receive him; so, shortly, the man found himself in an elegantly furnished drawing room bowing before the silent and sedate daughter.

"You wish to see my mother," said Maud, with her eternal smile. "She will be down in a few minutes."

After a few words Miss Krill rang the bell. "I want these things taken away," she said, pointing to a workbasket and some millinery with which she had been engaged when Hurd was announced, "then I shall leave you to speak to my mother."

The detective wondered if she was too fine a lady to remove these things herself, but his surprise ceased when the door opened and no less a person than Matilda Junk appeared. He guessed at once that the landlady of the Red Pig had come up to see her sister and had related details about her visitor. Probably Mrs. Krill guessed that Hurd had been asking questions, and Matilda had been introduced to see if he was the man. He became certain of this when Miss Junk threw up her hands. "The commercial gent!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, no," said Maud, smiling smoothly. "This is Mr. Hurd, the detective, who is searching for the assassin of my dear father."

"Lor," said Matilda, growing red. "And he's the man as came to ask questions at the 'otel. I do call it bold of you, Mister Policeman."

"Why did you go down to Christchurch?" asked Miss Krill.

"If I have to find out who killed your father," said Hurd, with an accent on the word father, "it was necessary that I should learn about his past life as Lemuel Krill."

"My mother could have informed you, sir."

"I guessed as much, and, as Miss Junk would not speak, I have come to question Mrs. Krill. Ah, here she is," Hurd rose and bowed. "I am glad to see you, madam."

Mrs. Krill, who was as plump and smiling and smooth faced and severe as ever, bowed and rubbed her white hands together. At a sign from Maud, Matilda gathered up the fancy work and went out of the room, with many backward glances. These were mostly indignant, for she was angry at Hurd's deception. "Do you wish my daughter to stay?" asked Mrs. Krill smoothly.

"That is as she pleases," said the detective.

"No, thank you, mother," said Maud, shuddering. "I have heard quite enough of my poor father's terrible death," and she swept out of the drawing room, with a gracious smile.

"The poor child is so sensitive," sighed Mrs. Krill, taking a seat, with her back to the window. "I trust, Mr. Hurd, you have come with good news," said the widow.

"What would you call good news?" asked the detective dryly.

"That you had traced the assassin," she replied coolly.

"I'll leave you to judge whether I have been successful," said Hurd.

"I shall be pleased to hear," was the

equally calm reply. But as Mrs. Krill spoke she glanced toward a gorgeous tapestry curtain at the end of the room, and Hurd fancied he saw it shake. It suddenly occurred to him that Maud was behind. Why she should choose this secret way of listening when she could have remained it was difficult to say, and he half thought he was mistaken.

"I was lately down at Christchurch, madam," began the detective.

"So my servant, Matilda Junk, said. I could have saved you the journey. I can tell you what you wish to know."

"In that case I will relate all that I have learned, and perhaps you will correct me if I am wrong."

Mrs. Krill bowed, but did not commit herself to speech. For the sake of effect the detective took out a sheaf of notes, but in reality he had the various points of the case at his finger tips. "You will excuse me if I talk on very private affairs," he said apologetically, "but as we are alone"—again Mrs. Krill glanced at the curtain and thereby confirmed Hurd's suspicions of an unseen listener—"you will not mind my being perhaps personal. I had to look into your past as well as into that of your husband's."

Mrs. Krill's eyes grew harder than ever. She scented danger. "My past is a most uninteresting one," she said coldly. "I was born at Stowley, in Buckinghamshire, and married Mr. Krill at Beechill, which is a few miles from that town. He was a traveler in jewelry, but as I did not like his being away from me I induced him to rent the Red Pig at Christchurch, to which we removed. Then he left me—"

"On account of Lady Rachel Sandal's murder?"

Mrs. Krill controlled herself excellently, although she was startled by this speech, as was evident from the expression of her eyes. "That poor lady committed suicide," she said deliberately. "The jury at the inquest brought in a verdict of suicide."

"By a majority of one," added Hurd quickly. "There seems to be a considerable amount of doubt as to the cause of the death."

"The death was caused by strangulation," said Mrs. Krill in hard tones. "Since you know all about the matter, you must be aware that I and my daughter had retired after seeing Lady Rachel safe and sound for the night. The death was discovered by a boon companion of my husband's, with whom he was drinking at the time."

"I know that. Also that you came down with your daughter when the alarm was given. I also know that Krill fastened your daughter's lips together with the opal brooch which was found in the parlor."

"Who told you that?" asked Mrs. Krill, agitated.

"Jessop—the boon companion you speak of."

"Yes," she said, suppressing her agitation with a powerful effort. "Matilda said you had him to dine with you. What else did he say?" she asked, with some hesitation.

"He told me, among other things, that Grexon Hay had been engaged to your daughter for two years."

"Well," asked Mrs. Krill coolly, "what of that?"

"Nothing particular," rejoined Hurd, just as coolly, "only I wonder you took the trouble to pretend that you met Hay at Pash's office for the first time."

"That was some romantic rubbish of my daughter's. There was no reason why we should not have acknowledged Mr. Hay as an old acquaintance."

"None in the world that I can see," said Hurd smoothly. "He told you that Aaron Norman was your husband."

"No," said Mrs. Krill decidedly. "I first heard of my husband by seeing a chance handbill."

"Not at all," answered Hurd, just as decidedly, "Hay has confessed."

"There was nothing to confess," cried Mrs. Krill loudly and with emphasis.

"Oh, I think so," said the detective, noting that she was losing her temper. "You didn't want it known that you were aware of Norman's identity before his death. Do you deny that?"

"I deny everything," gasped Mrs. Krill, her hands trembling.

"That's a pity, as I want you to corroborate certain facts connected with Anne Tyler. Do you know the name?"

"My maiden name," said the widow, and a look of fear crept into her hard, staring eyes. "How did you come to know of it?"

"From the marriage certificate supplied by Pash."

"He had no right to give it to you." "He didn't. I possess only a copy. But that copy I sent down in charge of a certain person to Beechill. This person found that you were married as Anne Tyler to Lemuel Krill in the parish church, twenty miles from your birthplace. This person also made inquiries at Stowley about you. You are the daughter of a farmer."

"I mentioned that fact myself."

"Yes. But you didn't mention that your mother had been hanged for poisoning your father."

Mrs. Krill turned ghastly pale. "No," she said in a suffocating voice. "Such is the case, but can you wonder that I forebore to mention that fact? My daughter knows nothing of that—no, did my husband?"

"Which husband do you mean, Krill or Jessop?" asked Hurd.

Mrs. Krill gasped and rose, swaying. "What do you mean, man?"

"This," said the detective, on his feet at once; "this person hunted out the early life of Anne Tyler at Stowley. It was discovered that Anne was the daughter of a woman who had been hanged and of a man who had been murdered; also this person found that Anne Tyler married a sailor called Jarvey Jessop some years before she committed bigamy with Lemuel Krill in Beechill church."

"It's a lie!" screamed Mrs. Krill, losing her self control. "How dare you come here with these falsehoods?"

"They are not falsehoods, Anne Tyler, alias Anne Jessop, alias Anne Krill, etc.," retorted Hurd, speaking rapidly and emphasizing his remarks with his finger in his usual fashion when in deadly earnest. "You were married to Jessop in Stowley church. You bore him a daughter, who was christened Maud Jessop in Stowley church. The person I mentioned sent me copies of the marriage and birth certificates. So your marriage with Lemuel Krill was false, and his second marriage with Lillian Garner is a good one in law. Which means, Mrs. Jessop"—Hurd hurled the word at her, and she shrank—"that Sylvia Norman or Sylvia Krill, as she rightfully is, owns that money which you wrongfully withheld from her. The will gave the five thousand a year to 'my daughter,' and Sylvia is the only daughter and only child—the legitimate child, mark you—of Lemuel Krill."

"Lies, lies, lies!" raged Mrs. Krill, as she may still be called, though rightfully Jessop. "I'll defend the case on my daughter's behalf."

"Your daughter, certainly," said Hurd, "but not Krill's."

"I say yes."

"And I say no. She was fifteen when Lady Rachel was murdered, as Jessop, her father, admitted. I knew the man was keeping something back, but I was far from suspecting that it was this early marriage. No wonder the man came to you and had free quarters at the Red Pig. He could have prosecuted you for bigamy, just as you would have prosecuted Krill had you not murdered him."

Mrs. Krill gave a yell, and her eyes blazed. "You hound," she shouted, "do you accuse me of that?"

"I do more than accuse you. I arrest you." Hurd produced the warrant. "A man is waiting in the cab. We'll get a four wheeler, and you'll come along with me to jail, Mrs. Jessop."

"You can't prove it—you can't prove it," she panted, "and I shan't go—I shan't—I shan't!" And her eyes sought the tapestry.

"Miss Jessop can come out," said Hurd coolly, "and, as to your not coming, a few policemen will soon put that right."

"How dare you insult us?"

"Come, come," said the detective sternly, "I've had quite enough of this. You offered me £1,000 to learn who killed your so called husband, Krill. I have earned the reward!"

"Not one shilling shall you have."

"Oh, I think so. Miss Sylvia will pay it to me, and you!"

"I am innocent. I never touched the man."

"A jury will decide that, Mrs. Jessop."

"Krill—my name is Krill."

Hurd laughed and turned toward the tapestry.

"What do you say, Miss Jessop?" he asked.

Seeing that further concealment was at an end, Maud lifted the tapestry, which concealed a small door, through which she had silently stolen to listen. She advanced calmly. "I have heard all your conversation with my mother," she declared, with flashing eyes, "and not one word of it is true. I am the daughter of Lemuel Krill."

"You'll find that hard to prove in the face of your birth certificate and your mother's marriage to Captain Jessop, your father."

"It will all be put right."

"Quite so, and Miss Norman will get the money."

"That girl—never!" cried Maud fiercely. She looked very like her mother

at the moment, but the more angry she grew the calmer became Mrs. Krill, who kept darting anxious glances at her daughter. "And you shan't take my mother away," she cried threateningly.

"I don't want to make a scandal in the neighborhood," said Hurd, taking a small whistle from his pocket, "but if I blow this my man out there will call the nearest policeman, and then?"

"There is no need," interrupted Mrs. Krill, who had recovered her self control. "Maud, come over beside me. On what grounds, Mr. Hurd, do you accuse me of the crime? I was not in

To Manufacturers

The earthquake did but little damage to South San Francisco. The industries located here, the Western Meat Company, the Wool Pullery, the Butler Brick Company, the Pacific Jupiter Steel Company, the Steiger Pottery Works, the W. P. Fuller White Lead Works, and other enterprises, are all in full operation to-day. Not one of them having suffered any serious impairment by reason of the earthquake.

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company planned South San Francisco as a manufacturing suburb of San Francisco. With that object in view they originally purchased 3500 acres of land in San Mateo county on the bay front five miles south of the City of San Francisco, and have developed their property so that to-day they possess perfected nearly every feature desired by manufacturers.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

Is a railroad terminal; it is on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad and accessible to all railroads; has deep water communication; owns and operates for its industries, a railroad connecting with the Southern Pacific and the water front; has electric street car service from factory to town and direct to San Francisco; has an Electric Light and Power Company; owns an independent water works, and has an abundance of fresh water for factory and house; has wharves and docks; a perfect sewerage system; a bank; a town hall; and a population of 3000 people; an extensive and fine residence district, where workmen may secure land at reasonable prices and on favorable terms, as homes for themselves and their families.

FACTORY SITES

Can be obtained from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company on most reasonable terms.

The American Smelting and Refining Company recently purchased from this Company 200 acres of land and are on the ground to-day arranging for the immediate construction of a plant costing upward of \$5,000,000. This means a vast increase in population, and a great augmentation for the benefit of all industries of every detail pertaining to rail and water communication.

For Manufacturing Purposes South San Francisco Has No Equal on San Francisco Bay.

PARTIES DESIRING LOCATIONS SHOULD APPLY TO

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent, South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co.
South San Francisco, San Mateo County, California.

WESTERN MEAT COMPANY

BEEF AND PORK PACKERS

SLAUGHTERERS OF

CATTLE
HOGS
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and
CALVES

HAMS, BACON,
LARD AND
CANNED MEATS

PACKERS OF THE

MONARCH
and
GOLDEN GATE
BRANDS

PACKING HOUSE AND STOCK YARDS LOCATED AT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

San Mateo County, - - - - - California

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
Enterprise Publishing Co
Everett I. Woodman, Manager.

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Three Months ".....50

Advertising rates furnished on application.

Office on Linden Avenue near Bank.

SATURDAY... JANUARY 4, 1908

RESIDENTS of South City are requested to furnish this office with any news items that they know of from time to time. There is a letter box attached to our front door, in which written items can be placed. Please write on one side of paper and sign your name to it. THE ENTERPRISE desires to print all the local happenings, and the people of South City can be of material help.

THE New Year began with blue skies and a bright outlook.

BREEDING BETTER CITIZENS.

General Fred D. Grant in his address to the Grant Family Association recommends as a measure conducive to better citizenship that incorrigible criminals be segregated from society and "prevented from leaving descendants." The theory is as old as the Jukes family. The interesting thing is the indorsement by a distinguished military man of the views of Lombroso and other students of criminology. Exactly what disposition the General would make of the undesirable he does not suggest; "it would not be Christian-like to kill them," and prisons, he says, are made too attractive.

But as a further means to the improvement of citizenship, asks the New York World, will General Grant advocate the abolition of armies and the distribution in the pursuits of peace of the picked men who compose them? What contributes more than war to depress standards of citizenship? A Gettysburg or a Sedan or a Sadowa, by its sacrifice of the flower of a nation's manhood, doubles the evil effect of the births of the degenerates who survive.

The waste of nearly half a million of our vigorous youth in the Civil War, the lowering of the physical strength of the French nation by the long slaughter of the Napoleonic wars, are examples familiar to every student of history of the lamentable and lasting effects of war upon citizenship. Stop this drain and humanity will gain immense benefit in a single generation.—S. F. Star.

THE political campaign of 1908 has already opened. When it closes in November the dead will be buried and the nation will enter upon a new life, cleaner, broader and better than before. The people, too often torpid, dormant and indifferent, are alive, awake and aroused as never before since the tremendous times of 1861 to 1865. The one absorbing question—the paramount issue—is fundamental and dwarfs all other and smaller matters. It is simply the question and issue of fair play and a square deal everywhere, in business as well as in government, for every man, one and all, equal and alike. This is the issue, and the only issue that will count in the pending contest. And this issue of the square deal

must be squarely met. No shirking or dodging will be tolerated. It is to be a battle between fighting forces, in which the trimmers and time-servers will be the first to go down and out. It is a battle in which the common people will win, as they always do and must when aroused. The next President and the next Congress will be, regardless of party politics, the President and the Congress of the people.

New York is our largest city in area, with 209,000 acres; New Orleans has 125,000; Chicago, 122,000; Philadelphia, 85,000, and San Francisco, 77,000. Seattle has 49,920; Washington is next to Seattle, having 44,000 acres in its city limits; St. Louis, with more than 600,000 population, has an area of 39,276 acres; Boston with 594,000, has 30,000 acres; Cleveland, with 414,000, has 22,422 acres; Pittsburg, with 345,000, has 19,418 acres; Cincinnati, with 332,000 inhabitants, has 23,616; Detroit, with a population of 309,000, has 18,398 acres; Minneapolis, with 214,000 people, has 34,105 acres, and St. Paul, with 172,000, has 35,483 acres.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

THE main cause of our country's recent trouble, and the only thing that threatens its future is graft. Graft in business, in banking and in government. A cleaning up and a cleaning out will put the country on a safe and solid basis.

SOME KINDS WORDS.

One of the Finest Editions.

The News has just received a copy of the 24-page edition of THE ENTERPRISE, published at South San Francisco by the South City Printing Company, of which Mr. E. I. Woodman is the manager, as well as being the editor of the newspaper. It is one of the finest special editions we have seen, and reflects in its illustrations and articles the remarkable activity found in this coming city south of the metropolis. The editor of this paper worked in the same office with Mr. Woodman for a dozen years or more, and admires him as an expert craftsman and esteems him as a friend and upright citizen. South San Francisco—or South City, if you please—will know that E. I. Woodman is on the map, and The News wishes him all the prosperity that is sure to come to his lot in his new field.—Santa Cruz News.

A Nifty Issue.

In an editorial of THE ENTERPRISE it says "What do you think of the special edition of THE ENTERPRISE?" We reply 'tis a brilliant, nifty issue, a credit to the newspaperdom of any thrifty burg. Congratulations.—Napa News.

Finely Illustrated and Well Printed. The South City ENTERPRISE issued this week a special promotion number of sixteen pages, finely illustrated and well printed. South City is having a remarkable development, and the business men are unusually progressive. THE ENTERPRISE shows forth the claims of the town in a satisfactory manner.—Mayfield Republican.

FOR SALE—Two nice up-to-date cottages, almost new, in center part of town. E. E. CUNNINGHAM & Co.

CALIFORNIA'S INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS

Produce and Prices for 1907—Effect of Present Financial Conditions.

A review of the industrial conditions of California for the year just closed, based on reports of correspondents of the State Agricultural Society, shows that on the whole the season has been characterized by good prices for products, high wages for labor, and general prosperity for the people in general.

The replies from about fifty correspondents in fifty different sections of the State in regard to the yield of grain the past year, indicate that the crop as a whole was pretty close up to an average. Very many, indeed, report the crop an average, while in some few sections the yield was short of an average, and in others again, it was above an average. Except for the losses by overflow, the grain area of the State, taken as a whole, yielded practically an average crop, and on land where the grain was destroyed by spring floods, summer crops of other kinds were produced in many instances which equalized in value the grain deficiency.

The same report is made substantial in regard to the hay crop.

The fruit crop on the whole was also about up to an average in quantity, the shortage in some varieties being offset by the larger yield in other varieties. Apricots, for instance, were a very short crop, while grapes were a very good crop.

In localities where nuts are grown commercially, the crop was nearly up to an average. The same is true in regard to beans and sugar beets and the staple vegetables.

The lumber output in nearly all the sawmill districts was greater than an average, while the mines on the whole turned out their full quota of precious metals. The shortage in the gold output in the quartz and drift-mining districts was practically made up by the larger output in the dredger districts, while the yield of other minerals shows no important shortage. In a number of districts important mining developments were made and improvements established, which will tell on the future yield.

In regard to prices, they have ranged higher on practically all products. Our reports vary in the percentage of increase of the price of wheat, but taken one with another they show an average of about 25% better prices realized for this staple this year than the average for recent years. For hay, the price realized is a little more than 25% increase over an average for recent years; while the prices obtained for fruit are reported very much higher than an average, some counties claiming to have realized 50% more while others claim from 20% to 25% and 30% higher than the average realized in recent years. The price realized for nuts also shows an increase compared with recent years, and the same is true of beans and practically all staple vegetables. The sugar-beet crop, while up to an average in quantity in most beet-growing districts, brought about the same price per ton as usual.

Prices realized on lumber were very much higher than the ruling prices in recent years.

The inquiry as to how the prices paid for labor this year compare with prices paid in recent years, brought forth a universal reply that they were very much higher. Some reported 20% increase, and others as high as 40% increase.

The question, "Do you consider your county prosperous or otherwise?" is answered almost universally, "Yes"; while many use the terms "very prosperous." Only in one instance is the answer a flat, short "No."

As a final question, we asked, "To what extent, if any, have you been hurt, or are your industries crippled, by the present financial stringency?" Nine out of ten answered this question with the words, "Not materially," or "Not as yet," or "Not perceptibly." Some claim that while no material injury has resulted, there has been some inconvenience, and quite a number express the fear that if continued the result will be depressing, more particularly on labor and the price of products. On the whole, our correspondents

take a very hopeful view of the situation and are able to report that the effect of the financial flurry has not as yet reached the farming community to a degree that has resulted in any material harm.

The year 1907 throughout California has been one of unusual prosperity, resulting in an average yield of produce with more than average prices for the same; and though just at this time a little shadow clouds the situation, by reason of present money conditions, we may hope, in the language of one of our correspondents, that "the result, though causing temporary inconvenience, will be a good thing for the people in the long run, as it will bring them to a more sensible realization of the value of a dollar, and cause them to figure more closely and husband their resources more carefully than they otherwise would have done." Very respectfully, J. A. FILCHER, Secretary.

SOMETHING FIERCE.

Too Many Kisses, He Asks for Divorce.

Arthur Kehr, a musician in Chicago, who has been married just sixteen days has sued for divorce. Too much love is the plea he makes for disunion. He married Mary Rogers, a young widow. Here is his story:

"You never saw anything like it in all your born days. She would sit on my lap by the hour, and if I wanted to go across the street for a package of tobacco she would order me to stay where I was and do the errand herself, because she was afraid some girl might run off with me.

"She wanted to be kissed in the morning and kissed at noon and kissed at night. I could never get away from the passionate, despairing cry: 'Arthur, kiss me!'

"I was a prisoner in my wife's house. The week I was there I earned only \$4.20 because she wouldn't let me go out to play. I had to be with her all the time, getting loved.

"There was only one thing for me to do, and I did it—run away. I wouldn't go back to her for anything."

A Glimpse of Ouida.

Ouida (Louise de la Ramee), in green silk, sinister clever face, hair down, small hands and feet, voice like a carving knife; also her mother. At dinner puns and jokes; Ouida silent. The ladies go to the drawing room upstairs, and when, after an interval, we follow them we hear before the door opens a voice going on inside like a saw and on entering find Ouida saying in loud, harsh tones, "Women are ungenerous, cruel, pitiless!" Planché, taking refuge on an ottoman, with a face expressing humorous alarm: "God bless my soul! I think they're angels. I adore them. They're the best half of the world."

Ouida, with severity: "I entirely disagree. The woman nearly always leads the man astray," etc. "Women can't be impersonal."

Mr. Cassell philosophizes on the subject rather materialistically. Ouida departs after inviting Planché and me to visit her at the Langham hotel, where she is biding at present with her mother and an immense dog. She carries a portrait of the latter around her neck in a locket, which she detached after dinner and handed around for inspection, with the remark, "This is my hero" (perhaps the hero of one of her books). She asked somebody present "Have you read my last book?" "Not yet."—"William Allingham, a Diary."

Cruel.

"I'm developing quite a passion for motoring," said Miss Hoamley. "I wonder if it's harmful."

"Quite the contrary," replied Miss Cutting. "I should think it would be very becoming to you."

"How do you mean becoming?" "Well, you know, dear, you can wear a mask while motoring."—St. Louis Republic

SEND US your Job Printing.

ASSESSMENT NOTICE.

South San Francisco Power and Light Company. Location of principal place of business, South San Francisco, California. Location of works, San Mateo County, California.

Notice is hereby given that at a meeting of the Board of Directors of said Company, held on the 28th day of December, 1907, an assessment of ten (10) cents per share was levied upon the Capital Stock of the Corporation, payable immediately to George H. Chapman, the Secretary of the Company, at its office, South San Francisco, California.

Any stock upon which this assessment shall remain unpaid on the 15th day of February, 1908, will be delinquent, and advertised for sale at public auction, and unless payment is made before, will be sold on the 14th day of March, 1908, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the said office of the Company, to pay the delinquent assessment, together with the costs of advertising and the expenses of sale.

By Order of the Board of Directors.
GEORGE H. CHAPMAN,
Secretary South San Francisco Power and Light Company.
Office, South San Francisco, California.

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

TIPPECANOE TRIBE No. 111, I. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting Bros. welcome.

L. C. Swarthout, Sachem.
Geo. E. Keissling, Keeper of Records.

SOUTH CITY AERIE No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Wednesday evening in Metropolitan Hall at 8 p. m. Thomas Mason, Worthy President. T. C. McGovern, Secretary. Visiting brothers welcome.

WHITE EAGLE CIRCLE No. 56, U. A. O. D., meets every Monday night in Metropolitan Hall. Mrs. Nellie Wight, Arch Druidess. Miss Mary McDonald, Sec.

SAN MATEO LODGE, No. 7, JOURNEYMEN BUTCHERS, P. and B. A., meets every first and third Mondays in Metropolitan Hall, at 8 p. m. M. J. HAWES, President. J. SULLIVAN, Secretary.

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Has opened a

New Candy Store

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Waiting rooms attached for ladies.



There are more McCall Patterns sold in the United States than of any other make of patterns. This is on account of their style, accuracy and simplicity. McCall's Magazine (The Queen of Fashion) has more subscribers than any other Ladies' Magazine. One year's subscription (12 numbers) costs 50 cents. Latest number, 5 cents. Every subscriber gets a McCall Pattern Free. Subscribe today. Lady Agents Wanted. Handsome premiums of liberal cash commission. Pattern Catalogue (of 600 designs) and Premium Catalogue (showing 400 premiums) sent free. Address THE McCALL CO., New York.

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MACCARIO BROS.

MOST CENTRAL LOCATION,
Grand avenue, South San Francisco

PECK'S ADDITION

Local headquarters in Post Office building. The first section of lots now on the market. For price list and terms apply to the undersigned. Team to the door and no trouble to show the property.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM & Co.

THE POTRERO COMMERCIAL AND MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

Annual Meeting.

San Francisco, January 2d.—The annual meeting of the Potrero Commercial and Manufacturers' Association will be held Monday, January 6, 1908, at 2:30 p. m. at the office of the association, 716 Minnesota Street. This meeting has been called for the election of a board of eleven directors and to listen to the reports of the officers and for the transaction of such other business as may come before the meeting.

UNITED RAILROADS SERVICE.

We learn from the Superintendent of the United Railroads that a new inspector has been appointed to look after the service furnished by the Eighth and Kentucky Street cars, and it begins to look as though we may receive something like the proper attention in having the time of the cars better regulated, and without such long waits, especially such as have taken place between 4:30 and 5:30 p. m. daily.

TRANSFER RULES UNITED OF RAILROADS.

Charles N. Black, general manager for the United Railroads, has announced changes in the transfer system, to become effective Wednesday, January 8th, which are intended, he says, to diminish travel on the Fillmore and Sixteenth streets crosstown line, the busiest since the fire, and divert it to the Polk, Larkin and Ninth streets and Third and Kearny streets crosstown lines.

Manager Black's order prohibits conductors on the Fillmore and Sixteenth streets crosstown line from issuing transfers to inbound cars north of Market street on transfers from inbound cars south of Market street. Passen-

gers securing transfers from inbound cars south of Market street lines desiring to transfer to reach any point east of Fillmore street must present the transfer on a Polk, Larkin and Ninth streets car or a Third and Kearny streets crosstown car, and will be given another transfer to ride on any north of Market street line, either east or west. The same rule applies to passengers riding on outbound north of Market street lines. They will not be transferred on Fillmore and Sixteenth streets cars to outbound south of Market street lines.

A special order for handling transfer passengers on the Fillmore and Sixteenth streets crosstown line will also become effective on the same date. Conductors will not, as is the present custom, issue transfers on transfers, but will punch in the date space the transfers of intersecting lines presented by the passenger.

When punched as mentioned the transfers will be good to continue on other intersecting lines under the usual transfer regulations. Passengers who fail to have the Fillmore and Sixteenth streets conductor punch their transfers will have the ticket rejected by the conductor of the intersecting line and will have to pay a second fare.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

The Board of Health is quite busy in regulating matters regarding the condition of stables so far as sanitation is concerned. It is handling nearly forty cases at every meeting and the disposition seems to be to treat the matter in a reasonable manner; but to get the city in sound condition as early as practicable before next summer. There will probably be a general crusade against rats, all over the city, it being held that they are a dangerous menace to the health of the metropolis.

other, and all California matters are sure to have over them their watchful care.

The Geological Survey is doing much good in California, and the scope of its work is extending. Coast and insular surveys are of the greatest importance from both a commercial and a military point of view. The Panama canal is of vital interest to us, as is irrigation, and the use of the public lands is a question of extreme importance. Education and labor present phases with which our state is deeply concerned, as do the Pacific Islands.

Postmaster General Meyer has written to Senator Perkins in support of the plan for a parcels post. According to this plan, the parcels post will be confined to the carrying of goods by rural delivery from the cities or towns from which the rural delivery carriers start. In that way he proposes to obviate the objections of the merchants of interior towns, who are afraid that a parcels post will send all the trade to the big cities which have mail-order stores. In the bill which he is preparing, this will be specially guarded against, for he says that no metropolitan merchant can send orders by mail through a rural delivery route starting from another city or town, nor can he ship by freight to that town and then send out by rural delivery. Packages coming under the provisions of the law will be confined to those originating in the town from which the rural delivery starts, and the special rate will be confined strictly to parcels so originating.

His scheme proposes a rate of five cents for the first pound and two cents for each additional pound or fractional part thereof up to eleven pounds; for two ounces or less, one cent; over two ounces and up to four ounces, two cents; over four and up to eight ounces, four cents. "The object of the recommendation," he writes, "is to enable the local merchants to hold and increase their trade on the rural routes, to give the farmers and patrons of those routes some of the accommodations which the machinery of the rural service, if properly utilized, will permit."

He estimates that even at the low rate of two cents per pound—25 cents for eleven pounds—it would take only three packages of the maximum weight each trip to wipe out the deficiency of the postal service, while the increased cancellations will increase the salaries of postmasters of the fourth class, and would bring about the improvement of roads and enhance the value of farms. The bill covering this plan will be introduced later in the session.

A HANDSHAKE.

Story of a Parting Clasp by One Who Observed It.

They had been talking about various ways of shaking hands and had pretty well gone over the ground covered by all the philosophic writings on handshakes when one of the men in the group said:

"The most expressive handshake I ever saw was given by one man to another. There was no tie of kinship between them.

"Each was about forty. Both were in perfect health. One had the prospects of many years of life. The other was to die within a minute, and the man whose hand he held was to kill him.

"It seemed to me then that I could read the meaning of the handshake given by the man about to die to the man about to kill him. It seemed to say: 'You are a good man, and I like you. I thank you for many acts of kindness and especially for this friendly grasp.'

"Then, with a gently lingering cling, he let the other man's hand slip from his own. There was a volume of meaning in that motion.

"It seemed to say that there were the morrow's sunrise and many more for the man whose hand he was releasing, but for him a few moments more of life, and then—It seemed to say that there was an age of human companionship in every instant during which the two hands touched.

"It seemed to say that when the clasp was broken he was forever cut off from the living and was as one dead. And many other things it seemed to say that I cannot translate into words.

"Within a few seconds one of the men gave the signal that ended the life of the other.

"It was a case," the story teller continued, "of the hanging of a man in Connecticut for murder. While under the influence of liquor with other men he had dealt one of them a blow that resulted in his death.

"The condemned man was not by nature or inclination a criminal. He had never been arrested before he was taken into custody for murder.

"The sheriff, who shook hands with him on the gallows just before the drop fell, had a genuine liking for him. He offered the condemned man the usual merciful portion of liquor before the execution, but the man refused it.

"By the way, I have seen several persons hanged, and I think this man was the only one I ever saw go to the scaffold without being 'doped' with liquor, and he was the steadiest in nerve of them all. His only betrayal of weakness, if it was such, was his noticeable clinging to the sheriff's hand before releasing it."—Washington Post.

In the Berth Below.

It is asserted by some naturalists that the puma, the second largest of the big cats of South America, neither feared man nor regarded human beings as its prey, but on the contrary sought their society. The following anecdote from "Animal Artisans," by Mr. C. J. Cornish, long a resident of British Guiana, supports the belief that the puma seeks the society of man instead of attacking or fearing him.

When making an expedition up one of the large rivers in a steam launch our friend gave a passage to an elderly Cornish miner who was anxious to reach the gold fields. Not wishing to intrude upon his hosts, he did not sleep on board the launch, but always swung his hammock between two trees on shore. As climbing into a high slung hammock is not easy, he usually fastened it rather low, and his weight probably brought it to within three feet of the ground at the bottom of the curve. One morning, being asked how he had slept, he complained that "the frogs had made such a noise underneath his hammock that they had kept him awake."

Some Indians of the crew who were folding up the hammock laughed a good deal when they heard this, and being asked the reason, said, still laughing, "Oh, 'tiger' sleep with oh man last night!" They had found under the hammock the marks of where a puma had lain. The noise which had kept the occupier of the hammock awake was the purring of the puma, pleased at occupying the "next berth" below a man.

The Utility of the Ox.

I should think the ox is the most useful—postmortem—of all animals. We eat its flesh. We make manure of its blood. We use its horns for lanterns and combs. Buttons and glue come from its hoofs. Its bones become margarine or manure. In the knife handle we use it, in leather, in gold beater's skin, felt roofing; every part of its internal economy is part of our external economy, and its fat is incandescent (or not) as tallow.—Fry's Magazine.

VISITACION VALLEY NEWS

Families Dig Wells.

The residents of the Reiss tract, in Visitacion valley, who are making a fight against the County Line water company, held an overflow indignation meeting at Visitacion hall Thursday night to protest against the action of the corporation, which threatens to turn off their water on January 20th unless they consent to take stock in the concern. The executive committee, headed by E. D. Jarvis and Harry Dowdall, drafted a set of resolutions asking the San Francisco supervisors to aid their fight.

In the petition the committee briefly set forth its grievances. It tells of an alleged scheme entered into by T. B. Potter, a real estate dealer, to force the owners of property to take shares of stock in his combination by trickery.

The petition begs the supervisors to remedy the evil by compelling the water company to furnish water at city rates. They allege that the rates demanded by Potter and his associates are far above those asked by the Spring Valley, and should be reduced by the board.

Residents of the district, fearing that their water will be turned off and vowing that they will not accede to the demands of the company, have been busily engaged for the last few days in digging wells. Entire fami-

lies turned out Sunday afternoon. It was not uncommon to see women and children aiding the men by winding up windlasses full of dirt or wielding picks and shovels too heavy for their unaccustomed hands.

It is estimated that at least fifty wells will have been completed within the next few days. If these prove a success it is expected that practically every resident of the district will follow the example set by the fifty, and excavate for water unless the supervisors take action and compel the water company to reduce its rates.

Leo E. Dowdall, foreman of the volunteer fire company of the district, has a novel scheme to furnish water should the supply be turned off. He plans to hold fire drills every evening, attach the hose to the hydrants, and invite the populace to lay in enough water to last for the day. According to Dowdall, fire drills are permissible every time the leader of the department calls for them, and the water company will be forced to supply the water, whether it likes it or not.

The committee reported that a man was sent out by the company yesterday to turn off the water from several houses. After visiting three places he tired of his job and tendered his resignation. The residents of the district say the company is unable to find a man who will undertake the task.

PROMOTION COMMITTEE PROGRESS BULLETIN

With December, California closes a prosperous year, despite a number of untoward circumstances which worked to the detriment of agriculturists. Heavy floods on the rivers in the early Spring, and partial failure of the prune, peach and apricot crop seemed to threaten trouble to growers, but with heavy returns on other produce, and increased prices for all, the sum of the year brought general conditions above the average.

There has been extraordinary activity in railroad building, both of steam and electric, and while there has been a temporary reduction of construction forces in this line, assurances are given that there will be even greater activity during the coming year with increased demand for labor.

Arrangements are under way for the subdivision of many large tracts of land with inducements for the small farmer in all parts of the State, and the wonderful influx of settlers which marked 1907 will be outdone in 1908. Reports received by The California Promotion Committee from all parts of the Middle West and Eastern States and Europe indicate that there will be an unprecedented rush to California.

Building operations in all the cities of the State have been above normal during the entire year, and reports indicate that this will be continued during this year.

The coming of the fleet of warships will bring 20,000 men, for whom food supplies will have to be provided, thus adding increased market for California products, and increased demand for labor.

A Classical Story.

I am going to tell you a classical story. Listen:

The wooden horse was standing before the city of Troy.

"That seems a heavy beast," said Paris to Hector. "Now, what would you say was its weight?"

"Troy weight, of course," replied Hector.

"I didn't mean that, you great hectoring brute!" was the reply, but the wit of the other had turned Paris green with envy.

Inside Information.

"Well, you've won your bet that I was going to marry that widow."

"I knew I would."

"But how did you know? I scarcely knew her when I made the bet."

"She told me."—Houston Post.

Rah, Rah, in Germany.

Theater Official (to students)—You are not allowed to join in the chorus, gentlemen. Students—Don't you worry. We are singing something quite different.—Fliegende Blätter.

It Didn't Work.

A man who had been out of work for a long time suddenly recollected reading a story of a clerk who applied for a situation. He was courteously told that there was not a vacancy, and as he turned away he stooped and picked up a pin from the floor. The employer, struck by the action, called him back and said: "You seem a careful sort of man. Call back tomorrow, and we will give you a job."

Our hero therefore determined to copy this man's example, and next day saw him standing before a large manufacturer, having previously dropped a pin on the floor.

Getting the usual reply that there was no vacancy, he turned away and then, like the other man, stooped and picked up a pin. But the result was different.

"Here, Henry," shouted the employer, "see this fellow off the premises! A man who steals a pin would steal anything!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Value of Understanding.

The habit of being content with nothing less than understanding a thing is of inestimable worth to every man, young or old. No matter what one's occupation or responsibility, his first task is to understand what is his part to do. Understanding means not only to know a thing before one's eyes, but to know a task, a position or an opportunity in its relation to other things. It requires some thinking, therefore, to have a comprehensive grasp of any piece of work in its rightful relations. No one can dutifully and faithfully hold a place or accomplish a good thing without at least enough thinking to understand clearly what he is to do and what its meaning is. Few of us work under sealed orders. Most of us have plenty of light to make sure we are on the right track and are doing things in the right way.—Wall Street Journal.

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WASHINGTON LETTER

WASHINGTON, December 27.—The holiday season in Washington is not prolific of news, as nearly all senators and congressmen are absent from town, and public officers are overwhelmed by the burdens which the season imposes.

Last week the Senate and House committees were completed and announced. The positions given to members of the California delegation are as follows:

Senator Flint: Chairman Committee on the Geological Survey, member of Coast and Insular Survey, Education and Labor, Inter-oceanic Canals, Irrigation, Pacific Islands and Porto Rico, and Public Lands.

Senator Perkins: Chairman Committee on Civil Service and Retrenchment; ranking member Committee on Naval Affairs, chairman Subcommittee on Fortifications, member of the Committees on Appropriations, Agriculture and Forestry, Commerce, and Fisheries.

Congressman Knowland: Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Coinage, Weights and Measures.

Congressman Smith: Education, Public Lands.

Congressman Englebright: Irrigation of Arid Lands, Mines and Mining.

Congressman Needham: Ways and Means.

Congressman McKinlay: Elections, Insular Affairs.

Congressman Hayes: Immigration and Naturalization, Banking and Currency.

Congressman Kahn: District of Columbia, Military Affairs.

Congressman McLachlan: Rivers and Harbors, Expenditure on Public Buildings.

It will be noticed that Senator Perkins is on the most important committees of the Senate, a fact which would not have been the case, were it not for his long service in the Senate. No new member, however great his abilities and experience, could hope to secure membership on committees of such importance, for the Senate exacts from all a long period of probation. The committees of which Senator Perkins and Senator Flint are members have charge of business which particularly concerns California and the Pacific coast. The assignments of the two California senators supplement each

WORK OF THE BRAIN

Curious Facts About the Human Thinking Apparatus.

WHERE THOUGHTS ARE BORN.

Right Handed Persons Form Ideas in the Left Half of the Brain and Left Handers in the Right Half—Strange Freaks of Mental Blindness.

Common opinion has it that the thinking is done in the front part of the brain, so that a high forehead means a lofty intellect. Common opinion, it turns out, is precisely wrong. More hard thinking is done at the back part of the head than anywhere else. Much of the rest is done in a region just above the ears.

When the thinking involves action the sides and top of the head play their special part. In fact, about the only portion of the outer layers of the brain substance that has never been found to have the least connection with any sort of thinking is that lying above the eyes.

There is another curious fact about the thinking apparatus. Nine men out of ten at least do all their thinking on the left side of the brain and might, as far as their purely mental operations are concerned, get on just as well if the entire right half were removed.

To be sure, a tumor on the right side of the brain, a broken blood vessel or a disintegration of the brain substance is apt to cause more or less complete and permanent paralysis of corresponding groups of muscles, always, of course, on the left side of the body, since, as is well known, nearly all the nerve fibers in passing from the brain to the body organs cross over to the other side.

Such an injury to the right side of the brain, however, does not in general affect the mind. This remains as clear and sane and vigorous as ever.

On the other hand, the very same injury to the brain which on the right side affected only the body will when it occurs on the left side affect the mind as well. To paralysis of the muscles is added curtailment of the thinking powers.

There have been men who have lost a cupful of brains out of the right side of their heads and retained all their mental faculties unimpaired. There have been other men in whom the loss of a half a thimbleful from the left side has rendered them for the remainder of their lives unable to recognize by sight their own wives.

I have said that most men do all their thinking on the left side of their brains. The remainder use only the right sides of theirs. These, moreover, are the left handed men.

Apparently, too, right handed men are right eyed men also, and not only sight a gun or use a microscope with the right eye, but also sit to drive or stand to bat or grasp tools in the way that will give to that eye the more unimpeded view. In addition, right handed men are also right eared—while they hear with both ears, they listen with the right—as any one may test in his own case for himself.

Left handed men are correspondingly left eyed and left eared. Thus, the centers for the more skillful hand and probably for the better trained eye come normally on the same side of the brain as the thinking apparatus, so that the eye, hand and thought work together.

In general, then, all the thinking is done on the left side of the brain. Can we not go farther and say that particular kinds of thinking are done in particular regions of the left cortex?

The phrenologists, of course, have the entire brain mapped out like city lots—combatively here, order there. This part of one's brain operates when he puts away his shoes in the closet, that when he throws them at the cat.

Now, as a matter of fact, we have "faculties" in the mind and "organs" in the brain about as much as we have a baseball playing muscle and a wood sawing muscle and still another muscle for standing still. The brain acts as a whole just as the body does. We use all our muscles to play ball, and we use them all to saw wood.

I have already touched upon the case of the man who suddenly lost the ability to recognize his wife. This man, who was a workman in Glasgow, had his skull fractured by a blow on the left side of the head about midway between the ear and the crown, so that a splinter of bone became imbedded in the gray matter of his brain. At once he lost the capacity for thinking about what he saw.

Though his sight was sharp enough, he could not recognize the most familiar objects. His friends, his children, his wife, appeared merely as colored spots, yet otherwise his mind was clear, and the moment any of them spoke he knew them at once. He could not tell by eyesight how many fingers

were held up before his face, but by touch he could count them as well as ever.

Still stranger freaks of mental blindness, however, are brought about by the bursting or plugging of minute blood vessels in the brain. There is a New York case of this sort, an educated, middle aged woman who took up her newspaper one morning and to her consternation found that she could not read a single word.

A minute artery had become stopped; the blood supply was cut off from the little spot of gray matter which the mind uses most in thinking about printed and written words. To the day of her death this woman never read another letter. Yet in every other respect she remained entirely normal.

To speak paradoxically, the most important deeds of our lives are our words. It is speech more than anything else that makes us human, while words are not so much "for the purpose of concealing our thoughts" as the only means by which we are able to think effectively at all.

Few injuries, therefore, are more distressing to the victim or to his friends than are those which affect the "speech center" at the side of the head a little above and in front of the auditory area. An apoplectic stroke at this point often paralyzes an entire half of the body and renders the victim dumb for the remainder of his days.

It sometimes happens, however, that the plugged or ruptured blood vessel injures just the right bit of brain tissue to cut off the power of speech and do nothing else. The patient can use his mouth and throat as before—for everything except talking. Sometimes if the injury does not extend to the center from the hand he can communicate in writing.

He can read and understand spoken words as before. Occasionally he can utter parrot fashion any sound in the language or even repeat correctly anything said in his presence. Sometimes the aphasic can use words of one syllable. Sometimes he retains a small stock of words. It may be no more than four or five. Sometimes he loses his stock of proper names or it may be all his nouns.

There have been aphasics who would articulate perfectly, but were continually at a loss to find the appropriate word. It is all a question of the precise point where the smashup happened to occur and the extent of the destruction. In all cases what is lost or curtailed is the ability to think about spoken words.

It seems strange that when one is dining he innervates the muscles of the tongue and lips and throat from the sides of the brain like other paired organs, but when he turns to speak to the waiter he controls the very same muscles from the left side of his brain only.

It all goes to show how peculiar and in a sense artificial are human speech and ability to think in words.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Champagne From Sponges.

"The champagne makers of Reims buy a lot of our sponges," said a wholesale dealer. "They squeeze champagne out of them. They must squeeze in the year's course 1,000,000 bottles of champagne out of sponges. Mystified, aren't you? But there is no mystery about the matter. Champagne, as it ferments, is powerful stuff. It breaks the strongest bottles, and in the past all champagne that broke its bottles and escaped was lost. Now, though, they pack the champagne bottles in clean sponge, and every day or two they go over the plant, and if any of the bottles have broken they squeeze into casks the wine that the sponges have retained. This wine, reclarified, refined and bottled again, makes a very good second quality drink."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Could Make Allowances.

The young mother, who was trying to put the baby to sleep, had darkened the room. Somebody tried to enter the side door, and she went and opened it. "I beg your pardon," said the elderly matron who had come up on the porch, "but is this house for rent?"

"Not at all."

"Seeing the blinds down, I thought there was nobody living here, and as I am looking for a house I was going to step in and inspect it."

"Well, it's not empty, and it's not for rent, ma'am. The reason why the blinds are down, if you must know"—

"Oh, I see. The lace curtains are in the wash. Well, we all have to clean house once in awhile. Sorry to have troubled you. Good day."—Chicago Tribune.

The Art of indexing.

A Natal public library catalogue contains entries as follows:

Lead, Kindly Light.
Poisoning.

Almost as funny as the catalogue which gave:

Mill—On the Human Understanding.
"On the Floss.

—Publisher and Register.

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The Opal Serpent

Continued from Page 2

town on?"

"Oh, yes, you were, Mrs. Jessop. Pash can prove that you were in his office and took the brooch left by Tray from the table. I don't know where you stopped on that night!"

"At Judson's hotel, Strand," cried Maud, placing herself beside her



Hurd produced the warrant.

mother, "and any one there can prove that my mother and myself were within doors after we came from Terry's theater, where we spent the evening. As my father—for Krill was my father—was killed after 12 and we were both in bed in one room before then, your accusation falls to the ground. My mother was with me, and she did not leave the whole evening. Next day we went to Christchurch."

Hurd was rather staggered by the positive way in which the young woman spoke. But the facts were too plain for him to hesitate. "I must trouble you to come along with me," he said. "Matilda will bring your things."

Mrs. Krill touched the electric button of the bell, while Maud walked up and down, deathly white and fuming. "Mr. Hay shall see to this," she said in a cold rage.

"Mr. Hay will have quite enough to do to look after himself," said the detective coolly; "you had better let your mother go quietly, and I won't say anything to Matilda Junk."

Matilda entered the room and heard that Mrs. Krill had to go out on business with Mr. Hurd. On receiving her orders she departed and presently returned with the cloak and hat. Mrs. Krill, who was now quite cool, put these on. Hurd could not but admire the brave way in which she faced the terrible situation. Maud seemed to be far more upset.

Miss Junk departed, and Mrs. Krill said that she was ready to depart. Hurd offered her his arm, which she rejected, and walked to the door with a firm step, although her face was rather white. At the door she caught her daughter round the neck and kissed her several times, after which she whispered earnestly in her ear and then went down the stairs with the detective in attendance. Maud, with white lips and cheeks, but with dry eyes, followed. When her mother was safely in the cab, the plain clothes policeman alighted so that Hurd might take his place. Maud came quietly down the steps and seized the detective by the arm.

"You have ruined my mother," she said in a cold, hard tone; "you have robbed me of my money and of the chance of marrying the man I love. I can't hurt you, but that girl, Sylvia—she shall never get one penny—so, remember!"

Hurd shook her off, and, stepping into the cab, drove away. Mrs. Krill looked apprehensively at him. "What did Maud say?" she asked. Hurd told her, and Mrs. Krill closed her lips firmly. "Maud is quite right," she said, with a strange smile.

CHAPTER XXV.

"US" say your meanin', my pretty queen," said Mrs. Tawsey as she stood at the sitting room door and watched Sylvia reading an ill written letter. "It's 12 now, and I kin be

back by 5, arter a long and enjiable tork with Matilder."

"You certainly must go," replied Sylvia, handing back the letter. "I am sure your sister will be glad to see you, Debby."

Deborah sniffed and scratched her elbow. "Relatives ain't friends in our family," she said, shaking her head. "We ain't seen each other for years, and the meetin' will be cold. She'll not have much forgiveness fur me bein' a bride when she's but a lone crosspatch, drat her."

"Don't quarrel with her, Debby. She has written you a very nice letter, asking you to go down to Mrs. Krill's house in Kensington, and she really wants to see you before she goes back to Christchurch tonight."

"Well, I'll go," said Deborah suddenly, "but I don't like leavin' you all by your own very self, my sunflower."

"I'll be all right, Debby. Paul comes at 4 o'clock, and you'll be back at 5."

"Sooner if me and Matilder don't hit it orf or if we hit each other, which, knowin' 'er 'abits, I do expects. But Bart's out till 6, and there won't be any one to look arter them as washes—four of 'em," added Mrs. Tawsey, rubbing her nose, "and as idle as pork-pines."

"Mrs. Purr can look after them."

"Look arter gin more like," said Deborah. "Here she is idlin', as usual. And may I arsk, Mrs. Purr, ma'am," demanded Deborah, with great politeness, "wot I pays you fur in the way of ironin'?"

But Mrs. Purr was too excited to reply. She brushed past her indignant mistress and faced Sylvia, waving a dirty piece of paper. "Lor', miss," she almost screamed, "you do say as you want t' know where that limb Tray 'ave got to?"

"Yes, yes," said Sylvia, rising; "he escaped from Mr. Hurd, and we want to find him very much."

"It's a letter from 'im," said Mrs. Purr, thrusting the paper into Sylvia's hand. "Tho' 'ow he writes, not 'avin' bin to a board school, I dunno. He's in a ken at Lambith and ill at that. Wants me t' go an' see 'im. But I can't leave the ironin'."

"Yuss, y' can," said Deborah suddenly. "This errind is ness'ary, Mrs. Purr, ma'am, so jes' put on your bunnet an' go to Mr. Hurd as 'as 'is office at Scotlan' Yard and take 'im with you."

"Oh, but I couldn't!"

"You go," advised Mrs. Tawsey. "There's £5 offered for the brat's bein' found."

"Five pun!" gasped Mrs. Purr, trembling. "Lor', and me 'avin' a chanct of gittin' it. I'll go. I'll go. I knows the Yard, 'avin' 'ad summat to do with them dirty perlice in my time. Miss Sylvia!"

"Yes, go, Mrs. Purr, and see Mr. Hurd. He'll give you the £5 if you take him to Tray." Sylvia handed back the paper. "Tray seems to be ill."

"Ill or well, he shan't lose me five pun if I 'ave to drag 'im to the lockup n'self," said Mrs. Purr. She hurried out, hardly able to walk for excitement.

"There's a nice ole party fur you, Miss Sylvia?"

"Debby," said the girl thoughtfully, "you take her to the Yard to see Mr. Hurd and then go to Kensington to speak with your sister."

"Well, I'll go, as importance it is," said Mrs. Tawsey, rubbing her nose harder than ever. "But I 'opes you won't be lone, my poppet dovey."

"Oh, no," said Sylvia, kissing her and pushing her toward the door. "I'll look after those four women in the washhouse and read this new book I have. Then I must get tea ready for Paul, who comes at 4. The afternoon will pass quite quickly."

"I'll be back at 5 if I can and earlier if Matilder ain't what she oughter be," said Mrs. Tawsey, yielding.

In another quarter of an hour Mrs. Tawsey, dressed in her bridal gown and bonnet so as to crush Matilda with the sight of her splendor, walked down the garden path, attended by Mrs. Purr in a snuffy black shawl and a kind of cobweb on her head which she called a "bunnet."

Sylvia, left alone, proceeded to arrange matters. She went to the washhouse, which was detached from the cottage, and saw that four women, who worked under Deborah, were busy. She found them all chattering and washing in a cheerful way, so, after a word or two of commendation, she returned to the sitting room. Here she played a game of patience, arranged the tea things, although it was yet early, and finally settled down to one of Mrs. Wood's interesting novels.

Deborah had lighted a cheerful fire before she went that her mistress might be comfortable, so Sylvia sat down before this and read for an hour, frequently stopping to think of Paul and wonder if he would come at the appointed hour of 4 or earlier. What with the warmth and the reading and the dreaming she fell into a kind of doze, from which she was awakened by a sharp and peremptory knock. Wondering if her lover had unexpectedly arrived, although she did

not think he would rap in so decided a manner, Sylvia rubbed the sleep out of her pretty eyes and hurried to the door. On the steps she came face to face with Miss Maud Krill.

"Do you know me, Miss Norman?" asked Maud, who was smiling and suave, though rather white in the face.

"Yes. You came with your mother to Gwynne street," replied Sylvia, wondering why she had been honored with a visit.

"Quite so. May I have a few minutes' conversation with you?"

"Certainly." Sylvia saw no reason to deny this request, although she did not like Miss Krill. But it struck her that something might be learned from that young woman relative to the murder and thought she would have something to tell Paul about when he arrived.

"Are you quite alone?" asked Maud, entering and seating herself in the chair near the fire.

"Quite," answered Sylvia stiffly and wondering why the question was asked—"that is, the four washerwomen are in the place at the back. But Mrs. Tawsey went to your house to see her sister."

"She arrived before I left," said Maud coolly. "I saw them quarreling in a most friendly way. Where is Mr. Beecot?"

"I expect him later."

"And Bart Tawsey, who married your nurse?"

"He is absent on his rounds. May I ask why you question me in this way, Miss Krill?" asked Sylvia coldly.

"Because I have much to say to you which no one else must hear," was the calm reply. "Dear me, how hot this fire is!" And she moved her chair so that it blocked Sylvia's way to the door; also Miss Krill cast a glance at the window. It was not snubbed, and she made a movement as if to go to it; but, restraining herself, she turned her calm, cold face to the girl. "I have much to say to you," she repeated.

"Indeed," replied Sylvia politely, "I don't think you have treated me so well that you should trouble to converse with me. Will you please to be brief? Mr. Beecot is coming at 4, and he will not be at all pleased to see you."

Maud glanced at the clock. "We have an hour," she said coldly. "It is just a few minutes after 3. My business will not take long," she added, with an unpleasant smile.

"What is your business?" asked Sylvia uneasily, for she did not like the smile.

"If you will sit down, I'll tell you." Miss Norman took a chair near the wall and as far from her visitor as was possible in so small a room. Maud took from her neck a black silk handkerchief which she wore, evidently as a protection against the cold, and, folding it lengthwise, laid it across her lap. Then she looked at Sylvia in a cold, critical way. "You are very pretty, my dear," she said insolently.

"Did you come to tell me that?" asked the girl, firing up at the tone.

"No. I came to tell you that my mother was arrested last night for the murder of our father."

"Oh," Sylvia gasped and lay back on her chair, "she killed him, that cruel woman!"

"She did not!" cried Maud passionately. "My mother is perfectly innocent. My mother did not kill our father."

"My father, not yours," said Sylvia firmly.

"How dare you! Lemuel Krill was my father."

No," insisted Sylvia. "I don't know who your father was. But from your age I know that you are not!"

"Leave my age alone," cried the other sharply.

"I won't talk to you at all," said Sylvia, rising.

"Sit down and listen. You shall hear me. I am not going to let my mother suffer for a deed she never committed, nor am I going to let you have the money."

"It's mine."

"It is not, and you shall not get it."

"Paul—Mr. Beecot will assert my rights."

"Will he indeed?" said the other, with a glance at the clock. "We'll see about that. There's no time to be lost. I have much to say!"

"Nothing that can interest me."

"Oh, yes. I think you will find our conversation very interesting. I am going to be open with you, for what I tell you will never be told by you to any living soul."

"If I see fit it shall," cried Sylvia in rage. "How dare you dictate to me?"

"Because I am driven into a corner. I wish to save my mother. How it is to be done I don't know. And I wish to stop you getting the five thousand a year. I know how that is to be done."

"Leave the room!"

"When I please, not before. You listen to me. I'm going to tell you about the murder!"

"Oh," said Sylvia, turning pale, "what do you mean?"

To be continued

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SOUTH CITY....WATCH IT GROW

PECK AND GARRETT

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P. O. Building, South City

REDWOOD CITY NOTES IN BRIEF

C. C. Benson spent the holiday week in San Cruz and Monterey.

Mrs. Harris and daughters spent the holidays with relatives in San Jose.

Leslie Johnston of Santa Cruz, came home for the holidays.

H. H. Madsen and family of San Jose were guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Heiner recently.

Mrs. S. E. Kirtland went to San Jose last week where she will spend a few weeks with her son, John Kirtland.

Hubert Kirkpatrick came down from Marysville to spend the holidays with his mother.

Ludwig Nerder came over from Oakland to visit his parents during the holidays.

E. B. Mering, of Woodland, spent the Christmas season with his sister, Mrs. Thos. Hind.

Mrs. Murch and Mrs. Kirkpatrick spent Christmas at South City, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Murch.

Mr. and Mrs. Hattabaugh, of San Jose, were visitors at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hughes last week.

Mrs. C. Mabie spent a few days last week with relatives in Oakland.

Rev. L. D. Rathbone and family of North Berkeley, spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. John Christ of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Wood and son Henry of Oakland were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Michael on the 25th ultimo.

Superintendent Cloud, accompanied by Geo. Britton of South City, left on Wednesday to attend the State Association of Teachers.

Mrs. Lillie Schmirrer, of San Jose, was in town on Sunday last. She took her father, Richard Rumbot, home with her for a month's visit.

Dr. Main has returned from his Eastern trip, and after a short visit with friends here will locate for the practice

of his profession in some less healthy locality.

Stanley Smith came down from Seattle, where he is engaged in teaching, to spend the holidays with his parents in this city. He will remain, however, until his father has recovered from his paralytic shock which he had a week ago.

The New Year was ushered in by the firing of anvil, blowing of horns and ringing of bells. All things considered the prospect for the New Year promises better things for Redwood, and to the county at large.

Miss Lizzie Read and Miss Stella Alexander of this city were two of the winners in the Mercury contest. Miss Read won a scholarship in a business college and Miss Alexander won a trip to the southern part of the State.

Mrs. M. Hedge suffered a fracture of her hip bone last Wednesday night. She was returning from the city on a late train and stepped from the train when it stopped at the switch at Eighth street, thinking she was at the depot. The injury is quite a serious one on account of her age.

George Bettin was thrown from a horse on Thursday on the county road and narrowly escaped being killed, as his foot caught in the stirrup and he was dragged some distance. Dr. Ross very opportunely appeared on the scene, lifted the unconscious lad into his auto and took him home and dressed his wounds.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

Worry, excitement, grief, remorse emotional shocks, fixed ideas of one kind or another, morbid fears—these are a few of the demons that murder sleep. My experience leads me to believe that the most demoniacal of them is the fear of not going to sleep.

Many persons, unable to sleep immediately after retiring, become agitated and annoyed, toss to and fro, and querulously say to themselves: "Oh, when shall I sleep? Perhaps I am going to have another bad night." To such would say: "Sleep is like a pigeon. It comes to you if you have the appear-

ance of not looking for it; it flies away if you try to catch it."

I am in the habit of advising persons suffering from neurasthenia, accompanied as it generally is by insomnia, in these terms: Say to yourself as you go to bed: "I don't care a fig whether I sleep or not; if I sleep, well; if I do not sleep, also well, thought not so well." This formula often works like magic.

I know that in offering it free to my readers I am guilty of folly. Were I to follow the prevailing example, I should open a hall and teach it in six lessons, charging a dollar a lesson. Then the world would believe it, sleepless nights on this planet would be fewer, and I should be richer. Nevertheless, the wise reader will forgive my want of worldly prudence for the sake of the blessing that may be his, without money and without price.

Let me earnestly urge sufferers from insomnia (except in cases where it is the result of organic disease or acute pain) to follow Macbeth's advice and "throw physic to the dogs;" metaphorically, of course, else the dogs will suffer. Choral, opium, trional, paraldehyde, sulphonal and other narcotics drug or intoxicate the brain, producing unconsciousness, indeed, but really war against normal sleep, as is seen from the fact that opium and morphine maniacs gradually lose all power of falling asleep naturally.

We may lay it down that the insomnia caused by preoccupations, obsessions, worries, strains and stresses is primarily psychical, and ought to yield to psychical remedies. All that is necessary to a complete cure is perseverance in the use of the method prescribed. And that method is, at bottom, auto suggestion.

Man is a suggestive animal, and nowhere does he show his suggestibility more than in this matter of sleep. The way in which the sufferer from lack of sleep should apply suggestion to himself I will not describe, promising only that he has already attended to the hygienic measures necessary, the most important of which is that the bedroom should be well ventilated, with the temperature at 48 Fahrenheit, the pillow not too high, and the lower extremities of the body kept warm.

After a warm bath get quickly to bed, drink a glass of milk, relax the

body and assume the mental attitude which has been indicated in a preceding paragraph. Then take a long, easy breath, gradually opening your eyes as you do so and rolling them upward so that when the breath is fully taken in the eyes are wide open. Then slowly and gradually fall so that at the end of the exhalation the eyes are closed. See to it that these movements are made easily, and not with any sense of strain. Repeat the inhalation with the opening of the eyes, the expiration with the shutting of them, fifteen times. Then close the eyes for a space

of ten breaths, and then repeat the process above described. At some moment during the process you will fall asleep.

At first nervous and excitable persons will have a difficulty in obeying this rule; yet it must be carried out to the letter if its beneficial influence is to be experienced.—Health Notes.

Go and see the moving picture show Sunday and Thursday evenings.

Wanted.—Small second-hand tent. Inquire Gillette, photographer, South City.

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